

ANXIOUS CONCERN, VAGUE UNEASE

DR. JAMES A. CORRY, in the following address to Founder's Day Convocation, urges universities to restore general liberal education to primacy.

I thank Dean Cohen for exaggerating my deserts so pleasantly. I am sure you know how to discount the extravagance of statement into which he is sometimes led when his feelings are deeply engaged. For myself, I value deeply the friendship which here diverted him from scholarly balance and cool appraisal.

His raw facts are accurate enough — nearly 50 years of unbroken association with universities as student, teacher, and in other more questionable roles. Now, having sloughed off responsibility, having outlived duty except for such fragments as still attach to a visiting professor, I should not be inhibited in saying what I think. But I do find myself under a new restraint. Those who have neither responsibility or duty in the premises should not give much unsolicited counsel or gratuitous advice. So, as I refer to some of the changes I have seen and to their likely consequences, I shall not be dogmatic about how to deal with these changes.

For most of my life, the universities were cloistered institutions. They went their own way with little public interest or attention. They were left alone to struggle along in poverty. As in social life generally, poverty provided its own internal discipline. There was very little open disaffection inside and almost no interference from the outside. There was no significant challenge to the authority of their constituted officers or governing bodies. There were, of course, occasional exceptions at particular times and in particular institutions, but not often and not many.

Recently there has been a sudden and long overdue recognition of the importance of the universities and a correspondingly rapid improvement in their public support. They have enjoyed, if that is the right word, an enormous rise in prestige. Even if they are not all things to all men, they are being treated as if they were. The slightest flutter inside one of them is front-page news.

But, of course, this has its consequences. The internal discipline enforced by poverty has greatly weakened. Factions of both staff and students challenge constituted authority. This should not be surprising. Revolutions are not made by the oppressed and disinherited. Generally speaking, they are made by the rising classes, dissatisfied with their rate of rise. And both university staff and students are rising classes. It doesn't take a long memory to realize that.

Also, in this same period, the universities have become much larger and more complex, with growing problems of internal communication and adjustment. Inevitably, their internal politics become much more intense, and potentially explosive. Even if universities were not sedately conservative by nature, the insistent pressures of their remarkable expansion in the last decade would have taxed severely their capacity to adjust themselves fast enough to rapid change.

These are good enough explanations of the turmoil universities are in, but they don't wash us clean in the eyes of the public. Here is an irony I had not expected to see. Just as the public importance of universities is handsomely recognized and the scale of public support given them frees them from the limitations imposed by poverty in the past, their ability to govern themselves in good order comes in question. Neither governments, nor the taxpayers to whom they must answer, think well of heavy commitments for vital public purposes to organizations that, on the surface at any rate, appear to be internally unstable.

Even without the added provocation of internal instability, the temptation for governments to intervene will be strong. Encouraging precedents for

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such action are ready to hand. Higher education is now an industry affected by a public interest. All such industries sooner or later have come under governmental regulation. It will be disastrous indeed if constituted authority in the university, under challenge from within, is also overridden from without.

In most Canadian universities substantial adjustments to meet changed conditions are under way. In particular, a moderate re-constitution of constituted authority is nearly everywhere well advanced. What is imperatively needed now is firmness of authority and loyalty to it, a trial of the revised arrangements in good faith and observance of due process in pressing for further change. Failing that, there is heavy risk of governmental intervention which will undermine the essential freedom of the universities.

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There has been a continuing and accelerating proliferation of knowledge. Endless books and a vast periodical literature expound that knowledge at length. Many specialized fields of knowledge have been developed, branching off into sub-specialties, each of which can be made a separate subject of study. The student with some curiosity quickly learns what a range of possibilities there are. When the teacher in the formal lecture determines what the fare is to be, the student knows there is much more that could be taken up, much of which, he thinks, would have more interest and relevance to him. Accordingly, increasing numbers of students, when presented with the *table d'hôte* menu, want to choose *à la carte*.

When faced with such demands, the teacher is under some embarrassment. He knows there is other matter he could

expound as part of the course. It is harder than it used to be for him to say that his responsibility is to the central core, the illuminating principles, the coherent logic that relates the content of his course to other branches of knowledge.

Students can say that these principles and that logic are expounded in a large literature, and that they can read and summarize as well as he can. Worse still, many subjects of instruction now are out on the periphery at the growing points of knowledge and take the core for granted. Somebody else has the responsibility for teaching that.

So, the embarrassment of riches does make it more difficult to be convincing on what to teach; hence the need to respond to student interest in curriculum and course content by consultation and explanation. If the teacher cannot reach students where they now are, he has no hope at all of bringing them where he now is. No doubt a good many adjustments on the formal side of instruction will show themselves desirable through consultation. But any large recognition of consumers' choice has forbidding difficulties. Of course, the consumers would choose variously and, lacking the discipline of a price system, the result would be paralyzing confusion.

It would not only be confusion, it would be betrayal of the essential role of the universities which is to transmit a heritage of knowledge and a discipline of learning. The things of the mind are subtle and fragile, easily slid over, fragmented and lost. Occasional geniuses conquer a subject and find its relatedness to other knowledge easily, but for nearly all of us the road to learning has been hard to find and follow through many patches of rough

the essential role betrayed

terrain, and our passage marked by sweat and tears, self-doubt and even despair. We need the firm assurance of a continuing institution that the way to the coveted vistas on the heights does indeed lead through this hard country. No one needs this assurance more than a generation whose experience, for the most part, suggests that the good things of life come easily.

Any widespread recognition of consumers' choice in formal instruction threatens the honourable status of the teacher and undermines his authority in the classroom. He would cease to be the chef to whose knowledge, skill, and artistry we commit ourselves and become instead the waiter who takes the orders and carries in the dishes. Hack-writers, who write to

order, are almost always dreary. Hack-professors would be still worse.

Even if it is said, as it will no doubt be said, that much of our teaching lacks artistry and imagination, that there are not enough genuine chefs and too many hash-slingers, that is not a ground for concessions that will debase teaching, and give, by contrast, still more glitter to research, supervision of graduate students, and consulting work. The chief way to maintain the authority of the teacher in the classroom is by indirection, by exalting the status of the teacher as teacher, by proving that we believe the most honourable career in a society is the teaching of the young. And, if we cannot halt just now the general obsession about power, then let us celebrate what Justice Holmes called the subtle and postponed power that comes only to the thinker and the teacher, the assurance that even after he himself has passed from the scene, men and women will still be moving to the measure of his thought and teaching.

How good it would be to stop here on this high note with this counsel of perfection! However, it is empty talk that does not concern itself with ways and means. More must be said. However, I cannot say more in general without making some distinctions and sharpening the focus.

The present day university is a house of many mansions. There is teaching, graduate and undergraduate, there is research which, if not taken obsessively, enlivens teaching. Then there are the various fields of teaching and research: the sciences, pure and applied, the pro-

lesser fry who try

fessional schools, the humanities, the social sciences. In each of those fields, there are, in varying proportion, two principal kinds of students and two principal kinds of teachers, one lot whose interest and decisive bent is for study in depth while the other is drawn to study in breadth, the microscopic and the macroscopic, those who are fascinated by the trees and those who want to scan the forest.

This division of bent and interest is not a clear-cut one but it will stand in general. There are, of course, the Einsteins, the Toynbees, and the de Chardins, pearls, without price, and also lesser fry who try. They are still exceptions to the two broad categories. The division is not determined by level of intelligence, as protagonists on both sides say reproachfully. I put it down mainly to the elusive thing we call temperament, and I make no sweeping judgement. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and nearly all kinds to make a university, as we conceive it.

In the last three centuries, we have had enormous success in penetrating the secrets of nature with the microscope, taking it as the symbol for probing in depth. That success is at the root of nearly everything that has transformed the world our great-grandfathers know. Bemused by that success, universities in the last fifty years shifted their perspectives and altered their priorities, giving first place to studies in depth.

The success and the prestige of the natural and applied sciences gained by probing in depth, has affected the humanities and social sciences in a marked way. They hope for similar results and recognition through being scientific and microscopic. All teaching in all subjects has gained in depth by these methods, usually at the expense of breadth. Nearly all graduate work is dominated by the urge to probe deeper and deeper. The Ph.D. mill is more congenial to those whose bent is for depth. A high proportion of those who go through it come out with the indelible stamp of the specialist. It is from the product of this mill that nearly all university teachers are now being selected. I need not say how much the younger staff have been encouraged by the universities to keep up their specialities and go on probing in depth. In perspective and priorities, the universities have been committing themselves heavily to highly specialized education.

If we are thinking only about the advancement of knowledge, the advantages of this bias are not open to dispute, at least in the short run. If we are thinking about the best service to the teaching function of the universities, there are several questions to be raised. Here I touch only one of these questions. The bias I have been

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man deserves man

BY
FRED
SHIPPAM

Challenge, excitement, adventure, work: which will it be? My thoughts go back to the days when I first came into contact with CUSO. My wife I had spent the early spring and most of the summer at our little cottage nestled beside one of the prettiest lakes in the Laurentians. How often we have dreamed of that place since! We had been waiting for news from another direction which would send us on our way to carry out our decision which we had made about a year before. This was to finish our active work doing something for some group of people commonly known as a have-not race, a have-not country, or one that was struggling to pull itself up by the boot straps. We had read and seen movies on TV about CUSO but felt that this was only for young people. Having tired of waiting for the call which never came, I called CUSO one afternoon almost with apologies, only to find that they were anxious to find volunteers such as my wife and myself. In no time flat we became full-fledged members of this organization, and were welcomed heartily by a group of young people all about the same age as our own children. We never at any time felt out of place. One incident amused us when we were included in the group of young married people who had been called together to discuss the question whether or not they would have children while in this work abroad or take the pill. With our own family grown up, we were excused from attending this gathering although we were flattered at the thought of having received the notice.

Our orientation exercises came to an end and on September twelfth, 1966, having been assigned to West Africa, we were transported by RCAF to the country of destination—Nigeria. In a matter of hours we were dropped directly into a different world: smells, strange people in massive crowds flowing hither and yon with no specific direction, many haranguing with one another in a peculiar language, others shouting loudly and seemingly causing to the point of coming to blows. Later we were to find that many of them practised brinkmanship to a very fine degree and loudness of voice did not always mean anger.

Our journey from Lagos to Enugu was a hard one. We all crowded into a school bus, no springs under the bus and none in the seats. Lunch boxes and luggage and odds and ends were packed into every available space. My wife and I sat on a seat made for two small children. We soon found out that over the years we had achieved a "stenographer's spread" and the bar at end of the seat was nicely placed to make a perfect job of cutting me in two. After the first few miles of a five-hundred-mile journey, I began to wonder if I would ever make it. I don't believe I would have, but our co-ordinator, Bill McNeill, must have seen my predicament through the window of the bus as he passed in his station wagon and at the next stop, or rendezvous, offered to let himself be sawn in half instead of me. My response in the affirmative was so enthusiastic that I'm sure he must have smelled a rat! However, he took my place and I silently breathed a prayer that he would survive the trip and hurriedly entered the station wagon to sink back into a comfortable seat. I can still hear poor old Bill say at Enugu, "Never again, never again."

I will retrace my steps at this point. Having left my wife in the company of all the young people, I took my place as mentioned before in the station wagon. I sat beside the driver, with two of the younger volunteers behind, one an expectant mother of a number of

months and the other single, and very nice. Then followed a hair-raising ride. Many times I wondered whether we would survive as we raced down hills at breakneck speed swerving off the pavement for oncoming traffic, since it was not wide enough for two cars, fearful that the jagged edge would blow a tire. We eventually came to a point where we had to enquire whether a certain bridge had been replaced. We stopped in a village in the interior of Western Nigeria and were immediately surrounded by children of all ages, some brave who wanted to shake hands with us, others less bold hanging around in the background. As is usual, everyone rushed out to sell us oranges, bananas and other forms of food. A little girl carried a tray on her head with some form of meat, partly smoked and burned, covered with singed hair and half the flies in Nigeria. She stood on the windward side of me from which position I quickly changed. If that were my meat ration, I would have no difficulty in becoming a vegetarian! It smelled to high heaven, and why it didn't fly or walk off the tray I'll never know.

Eventually we proceeded on our way, taking the detour since the bridge had not been replaced. The ride was not particularly beautiful and the scenery had a sameness about it: road, ditches, narrow bridges, paw-paw trees, a few banana trees, plantains and the fronds of the eternal palm trees projecting into the sky. That to me is African scenery as I saw it while careening down the highway. The speedometer was registering one hundred and twenty in kilometres, which I didn't know, and this figure, coupled with the rough road, made me wonder if we would live to tell the tale. Eventually an oncoming car drove a stone through our windshield, which shattered in every direction, with a hole as big as a grapefruit in front of the driver and the rest looking like a ground glass window, completely opaque. The car stopped and I climbed out and went to the rear and here I got my first jolt. I nearly flipped. A big tall Nigerian, poorly dressed, came out of a rather dilapidated-looking hut and crossed the road towards the car. I mumbled something about a broken windshield, never expecting an answer. To my surprise he said in the most perfect English, accent and all, "What a pity." His choice of language floored me. They say West Africa is full of surprises and I can believe it, and you too will realize this as my story continues.

We eventually arrived at the rest house in Benin, midwest Nigeria, another rendezvous point. It was getting dark as we arrived. Here, near the equator,

MAN DESERVES MAN is the title of a recently published book about Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO).

the period of time from dusk to darkness is only a matter of minutes. We entered the rest house to await the arrival of the bus. Time passed, we didn't wish to eat without the others, so waited. Our lunch, which had been given to us in boxes in Lagos, had turned bad with the heat, so we had eaten only the banana. Ten p.m. and closing time, and the bus still had not arrived. There was one small cabin unoccupied and we had to decide whether to take it or sit outside in the dark and be eaten alive by mosquitoes. We chose the former and made our way to the cabin. I'm sure the people must have thought what a lucky old guy I was to have two young wives such as the two young ladies accompanying me. They always think this, no matter who stays in the cottage or house. Luckily there were three rooms, two beds in the one room which the girls took, and two arm chairs in another room which I pulled together, sat in one and put my feet on the other. The other room was a combined kitchen and bathroom, with the stove on one side and a bathtub on the other. No inhibitions and no need for modesty here. We spent the night dozing, walking and worrying about what had happened to the bus. At 6 a.m. the next morning there was a loud knock at the door with the announcement that the bus had arrived. A loud lifted from all of us. We were together

the next evening I had removed my shoes only, to rest my weary feet. I quickly put these on, gave the good news to my fellow travellers and hurried out to find what had happened. I have never seen a more motley crew—tired, dishevelled, bleary-eyed and exhausted. Their bus had had a minor breakdown during the night, not serious by our standards, but it apparently took the driver and his helper four hours to fix a broken fan belt. Our volunteers made the best of it. Some had guitars and there, beside the bus, had a sing-song to help pass the time. They were bitten by mosquitoes hungry for new blood but in spite of this were able to sing "Clementine," "Jesus Loves Me," "Fires Burning," "Bachelor Boy" and other songs with which many of the Nigerian children were familiar and which they sang in Yoruba. We learned afterwards that "Clementine," with words changed to suit the occasion, is used in their religious services quite often. Can you picture the sight—about fifty Canadians intermingled with many local children, with the adults in the background, all shattering the heavens with their voices, deep in the wilds of Nigeria and the same old Western moon smiling down at them? The effervescence of youth, with one old matron, my wife, among them, had overcome the difficulties and hardships by mirth and song.

The volunteers had crowded into the rest house main lobby and literally dropped into whatever would hold them and fell asleep on the spot. Soon the call for breakfast came and they were all roused to face something that few wanted. Each had bacon and eggs with the sunny side up glaring at them. Many couldn't stomach the ordeal and it was not long before we started again to complete the journey

to Enugu. I watched the heads bobbing in all directions as we rode along. Whiplash has nothing on the strain that those necks went through. Heads rested on the nearest shoulders and laps. A good rest awaited us at Enugu, the capital of Eastern Nigeria, and the next day we parted from our companions of the previous three months, each to go to his respective appointment to carry out his assignment in whatever way he felt best. Such was our introduction to a new horizon; a rough-and-ready road and a severe physical beating.

The New Doctor

We arrived at our destined location on a Saturday afternoon, and the following day being Sunday I was given a rapid introductory tour of each hospital ward. As I entered each ward I was announced as "the new doctor" and was greeted by all and sundry with a bow and a loud "Welcome, Doctor." After having been greeted by nearly every person in the hospital, my chest began to swell and I thought I was somebody of importance and was really wanted. I got up in good time the next day for an early start at the hospital, having been told that the out-patient department opened at 7:30 a.m. As I passed the church next door to our quarters, I heard a loud "Hey!" and turned to see a rather short stubby man snap sharply to attention, salute me and then go through a whole lot of motions and words like a company sergeant-major. From this time on, each day I saw him, he repeated this routine. The other day I noticed that he had a black eye and his nose was pushed aside a bit so I suspect somebody really thought he was a sergeant-major and let him have it.

At last I started with my patients and soon came to realize that here was something different. Their names intrigued me: Hippolyte, Barnabas, Anastasia, Fidelia, Appolonia, Comfort, Mercy, Remembrance, and many charming names. As each patient came and went, there unfolded before me a panorama of customs, signs and symbols dating back hundreds of years. Here was an old man with his forehead and temples scarred by permanent markings known as cicatrization, his body tattooed with many patterns neatly designed and perfectly placed geometrically. He had pieces of string tied loosely around each ankle. I asked through my interpreter how old he was. He looked up at me with a smile, seemed to be thinking, then shook his head and said he didn't know. This wasn't senile forgetfulness but just that time had no accounting in his life; days just came and went from birth to old age. I asked him of his boyhood, about elephants and lions, and he said he had never seen any. What, Africa, and no elephants or lions! Where had I come to? These animals had left this particular area many years ago. I'm afraid I was fast forgetting my medicine as my interest swung to the study of people. His memory of his parents and what they had done to, and for, him carried us well past a hundred years. His markings were those of a titled man but his family had fallen on hard times. Many of the patients had tribal markings, usually beside their eyes, others, such as the old ladies, were covered with ornamental decorations over their bodies from the waist up. These dated back to the time when all went about bare from the loins up and perhaps when most wore just a T-string. Older residents speak of that time as only some thirty years ago.

Some cases came in suffering from the potions and brews concocted by their village medical man. It brought to my mind the witches' brew and the cauldron spoken of in Shakespeare. Picture the medicine-man in his jungle hold-out, over a small wood fire between large stones, adding his roots and leaves and bark and perhaps a toadstool or two. What a brew he came up with: potent, destructive and deadly. My first night call in the middle of a tropical storm, with the rain pelting down in torrents, was to a victim of one of these concoctions. We washed out his stomach as thoroughly as anyone could, gave him stimulants and intravenouses, only to see him the next day gradually sinking away. His kidneys first gave out, the albumen continued to rise, and the heart, no longer able to keep up the pace, finally stood still forever. How many times I have watched this similar pattern played out to a fatal termination. Most of these were young people, both male and female. The medicine-man still sees seventy to eighty per cent of all sick people in these parts before we see them here in this hospital. This figure includes many educated people. They fly to him almost by instinct.

The babies came in, little balls of lovingness, eyes like chocolate drops. I would chuck them under the chin and their faces would break into the sweetest smiles you could ever see. Some came in deathly sick from disease, mostly malaria or pneumonia, temperatures of one hundred and five degrees. Then came a battle and struggle to urge the parents to have their babies admitted to hospital for treatment. Some would come in, others wouldn't; sometimes the mothers agreed but the fathers







The photographs illustrating this article were taken in West Africa by Michael Smith and Jean Guilmotte, both of whom were CUSO volunteers in Ghana from 1965 to 1967.



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I told him to take the remainder of the money home to his mother to buy food and gave him the shilling I had in my pocket to buy some food for his breakfast at the hospital gate. I hoped that this would balance his budget and that his mother would not blame him for buying food for himself out of the money sent for medicine.

I sat in the out-patient department busy with the sick ones. The door opened and in walked an elderly man followed by three women of various sizes, fairly young, each having a baby in her arms and accompanied by other children, making fourteen in all. I looked up in surprise and asked the nurse the nature of this massive visit. "Doctor," she said, "this is a man with his family and three wives." I looked at the old scoundrel and then back at his family. He, by the way, had taken the chair facing his wives, who stood up. For a moment I could do nothing but look from one to the other, trying to fathom the depth of all this. I didn't know whether to condemn, admire or envy this old fellow. This, my first experience with polygamy, left me with many strange feelings.

Sex plays a big part in the lives of the people of these parts. They have an overwhelming desire to have children. They want to keep the cradle full at all times. The men will complain of impotency. You'll ask how many children have they, and they will answer five or six. "How old is your last baby?" You will probably find that it is but a few months old. The women are the same in desire. It is nothing to see a mother with a child slung on her back, another clinging to the front or side of her or carried by another child and a third well on its way to presenting itself. Unfortunately, the mortality rate is high and many is the infant that passes on before it realizes what life is. This is sad for me but somehow the people have a strange attitude towards it. They think this child was given for only a short time and will return again and they will look for similarities in the new baby to assure them that the dead baby has returned once more. I have spoken of the death of a child to some of the nurses and they will reply, "Never mind, they will get another."

Local nurses are sometimes strange. If you ask them a question, they'll often say yes when they should say no, and vice versa. This is a language difficulty they all seem to have. You will ask them to ask a patient something that could be answered by a single word. They immediately engage in a long-drawn-out conversation and you wait for your reply. After several minutes you interrupt them to get your answer and your nurse will reply that they are still talking about it. Life is strange. They say living here teaches you patience. It does if you have the patience to wait patiently.

Infant ward

One must make a visit to the infant ward, the most interesting. This place is dull and drab and dark and your immediate feeling is, how can anything good come out of this place? Rows of cots—far too close—line the walls. A mother and other children are around each bed. The mother cares for the child, many of course being breast-fed. Since there is no one at home to care for the rest of the family, all the other children are brought in as well. One feels sometimes as though he is at a Sunday school picnic. They all sleep on the floor at night. The nurses take care only of medications. Some of the habits of some of the people aren't too clean and sometimes are a bit revolting. Many of them defecated on the floor and did other things when we first came but, thanks to Barbara Rohlehr, another CUSO volunteer, this performance was stopped and chambers are now provided for them. I remember one child brought in for tetanus. The mother brought her two other children, one about six years old who slept under the cot at night, the patient of seven in the bed and the other of about eighteen months who slept in the bed with the patient. After a few days the mother complained that the eighteen-month-old baby had severe diarrhoea. I gave it the appropriate treatment. The next day while making the rounds in another section off the main ward, Barbara and I looked out of the open, wired window, which was not screened. There was the six-year-old child, with the baby sitting in a pail of water, giving it a bath with soap. Finally the baby stood up, climbed out of the pail and was immediately given a drink of the soapy water. I said to Barbara jokingly, "If that child is over its diarrhoea tomorrow morning, I shall treat all the diarrhoea in the same way." The small baby stood beside the pail with its hands resting on it and promptly sprinkled the area around the pail



for about three feet with stool. The next day we asked the baby's mother how the diarrhoea was and she replied, *Au di ma* ("It is better"). Can you beat that? One cannot help but laugh at all this. Another small baby, quite ill, also came in. The old grandmother made herself very difficult by interfering with the treatments. I finally told her that if she did this the baby would be slower getting better and therefore her costs would be greater. This did the trick. If I had said that she had better go home and leave the mother to care for the baby, she would have picked him up and cleared out, because she ruled the roost. On the following Sunday morning when I visited the ward there was five old ladies plus the mother all sitting on the floor around the bed.

Mothers will climb into the cots at night, curl up and sleep with the babies; others will put one of the well children into the bed and take the sick one onto the floor beside her. One learns to shut his eyes and carry on and, strange to say, the greater number recover. We meet frustration but grow in patience.

We struggled for many weeks with another child with a very extensive pneumonia. Many times we despaired of its life. Finally it started to improve. Just at the turning point, I entered the ward as the mother decided it needed a bath and had it up to the neck in a pail of cold water. This outside, in the direct hot sun. She fished it out and it looked like a drowned rat. The child seemed to get worse and after a day or two the father demanded that the child be withdrawn. Both the father and mother had refused to give a transfusion. I felt that the parents thought that the cost of treating the child was too great. I pleaded with them to leave the child in hospital but to no avail, and I am sure the child went home to die. This happens many times.

Speaking of blood transfusions, it is most difficult to persuade relatives to give of their blood. Blood is life and one cannot give away life. Parents will refuse blood for their children, children for parents, husbands for wives and so on around the circle.

Adult wards

As you enter the adult wards the old people sit up and smile at you. Perhaps you are in a hurry and just enter the ward to see a rather sick patient, promising yourself that you will return later in the day. Examine one patient and you are stuck with the whole ward. The old ladies lift up their nighties and start rubbing their tummies, manufacturing complaints by the thousand. Creeping sensations in the head which then travel all over the body like something moving is one of their favourite complaints. Biting pains in the stomach and flashings in the body are other common symptoms. It is a very difficult problem trying to interpret intelligently the meaning of these peculiar symptoms and I must confess that I often have to give up. "There just ain't no answer." Give me the very sick ones and I can achieve results. As one overcomes one symptom, they come up with another. I often think that they come in for a rest.



They have no fever, no increase in pulse, no positive laboratory findings to indicate infection, only a very severe anaemia. Sometimes they come in infested with all kinds of worms. You name them, they have them. Other times they will suddenly spike a very high fever, indicating malaria. Most often their sickness or hospital sejour is entirely due to a long-continued poorly sustaining diet. The same old disappointing story reads like this: bread, cassava, yam, rice and gari. How can one build blood and haemoglobin from this or fight sickness when it is present? Their poor old thin and emaciated bodies are made of skin and bones loosely hung together, but in spite of this they are always cheerful. I stand at the end of the ward and just wonder, wishing for some of the plainer foods from the West which we could easily give them.

The days go by one by one. We are busy rushing here and there, always greeted with a cheery word: "Good day, Doctor"; *Kedu, Doctor*; "Welcome Doctor." I shall always remember these poor old people and the loving little ones. You pick them up and they cuddle into you but you must be very careful—they wear no diapers.

Leisure hours

I come home to our little cottage to spend whatever leisure hours my wife and I can have together. She tells me of her work in the office, her trips to Onitsha on hospital business, her haranguing with the Nigerian nurses over uniforms and many other odds and ends which she has to deal with. She has become a Jack of all trades, helping in many different places.

In the evenings we sit back quietly resting. A fairly large map of Africa hangs on the wall in front of us. A bright light shines over it which attracts all kinds of flying insects—flies, ants, mosquitoes, moths, praying mantis, flying beetles and many other small creatures. Small lizards hide in the nearby curtains and even under the map itself waiting to pounce on these unsuspecting creatures. This is Africa, dark Africa, an awakening Africa. So many problems, so many discomforts, all the crawling things imaginable, the heat, the rain, the diseases, all of which would discourage the strongest. A large percentage are preventable. I work and work and work, like a man with a broom sweeping up the debris. We are all working at the wrong end. We should throw away the broom and take up the spray to destroy all the insects, drills to get good water, the plows to prepare the land to grow nourishing food, the social service to overcome poverty and want, the schools to give all children free education, the humanitarian spirit to share our wealth and food and know-how. Only then will we be fulfilling our purpose in life: to build a new peaceful world and to put away selfishness and to share with others. Darkness will then be replaced with light.

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refused. How many frustrations one had to withstand, what a day to weary one! I have come to the conclusion that these babies are different. I gasp and close my eyes as I see mothers lift up their babies by the upper arm just as you could pick up a saucepan handle. I open my eyes expecting to see the arm snapped off or separated at the shoulder or dislocated but nothing has happened. They swing them around on their backs as they stoop over, and the baby automatically spreads its legs, one over each of the mother's hips, and hangs on for dear life just like a jockey on a horse. They never fall off—well, hardly ever. Little brothers and sisters carry the younger ones on their backs like Shetland ponies. I'm afraid my days aren't always spent in studying medicine. I like people and these are especially interesting. The methods of carrying their babies in this way has a medical application. It prevents and cures congenital dislocation of the hips. As the mothers carry their babies on their backs in the bright sun, their little heads bob around like corks in a bucket of water. Surely they must be made of rubber.

One examines the older children, and as you open their mouths you see row of pearly white teeth as even as any garden row, each one uniform and wonderful. You ask about the diet, hoping to carry back some help to the poorly toothed children of Canada. You hear: (1) breast milk from birth to one year or longer; (2) pap made from cornmeal, yam, cassava, agadi and gari, all starch; (3) no vitamins other than sunshine and those contained in breast milk. You ask, "Have you had any eggs or meat?" "Sometimes." "How often?" "Maybe once a month." This then is the recipe that makes the nicest whitest teeth in the world right here in Africa. You test their blood and find it reading from thirty to thirty-five on the old colorimeter method.

Out-patients

Let us go back to our out-patient clinic once more. Here is a younger mother who has never gone to school. She handles her baby much as a little girl of three or four plays with her rag doll, and acts in much the same way. One marvels at her simplicity. She keeps her eyes on you, full of tenderness for her child. The mothers seem to appreciate all you do but don't always do what you want them to. Some babies have terrible explosive diarrhoeas and you learn to point their shooting-irons away from you. I have wheels on the chair on which I sit beside them and I have become very adept at giving it a sharp push backwards. All the children are very distended from a high carbohydrate diet and the fluid contents of the abdomen will travel several feet as straight as a gun shot. Jet propulsion has nothing on this.

You see another baby painted with black stripes just like a zebra. There is probably a big splotch of black where the mother thinks the child is ill. You turn the child over and find fresh scars where, again, ancient medicine has been carried out. You ask why all this, disgusted at this show of ignorance, only to soften because they do not know any better. You see what I mean by simplicity and not simpleness? One's heart saddens when he sees how little chance some people have had.

In comes an old lady, all smiles, dressed in the brightest colours. On her wrist she has circles of elephant tusks, one fitted within the other, making a disc. They cannot be removed and have been on her wrists for many years. They have the same thing around their ankles in many cases and these again denote wealth and a titled background. They are heavy and cumbersome and I asked one lady why she didn't break and remove them. She smiled at me as though they reached back to a very happy time. I suggested they would be a good thing with which to rap her husband on the head. She replied she would never do that; he had been too good to her.

So each day goes by. One sees poverty and emaciation, sadness, sorrow, happiness and sunshine. It is hard to assess poverty but when one does, he wonders how people go on living. The poor widowed mother with children often has no relatives to help her. What keeps her going? She has nowhere to turn when suffering starvation and hunger pains. Yam, cassava, yam and cassava is her daily ration; not living, just existing. One baby of fifteen months was still nursing. I asked why. This was all she had to give her baby. Oh, for a pocketful of money to distribute where the need was greatest. No social service exists anywhere. A boy of twelve came in yesterday. He appeared thin and hungry. I asked, did he go to school? No. Did he have a father? He was dead. Had he brothers and sisters? All were younger than he. He helped in a small shop, and you should see the shops! Had he had any breakfast? No. I examined him, feeling his skin and bones. I sat sadly down. The nurse said, "But, Doctor, he has eight shillings for medicine." It was food he needed, not medicine. I ordered some vitamins, since these were inexpensive.

ACADEME

INFORMATION FOR PUBLICATION IN ACADEME SHOULD BE SUBMITTED BEFORE 2:00 P.M. ON TUESDAY TO APPEAR ON THE FOLLOWING MONDAY.

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SCHOLARSHIP OPPORTUNITIES

Each week this column will carry notices of grants, scholarships, and fellowships available to students and members of the faculty and staff.

OCTOBER DEADLINE:

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL OF CANADA EXCHANGE PROGRAM

Expenses for visits to U.S.S.R. for research and lectures, to eminent Canadian scientists with more than 5 years research experience beyond the Ph.D. Applications available at Registrar's office. Deadline is October 15. Apply to:

Dr. J. D. Babbitt
Secretary for International Relations
National Research Council of Can.
100 Sussex Drive
Ottawa, Ontario

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS FOR STUDENTS FROM ST. VINCENT, W.I.

Expenses for travel, living, and study to graduate students from St. Vincent. Field of study is unrestricted. Deadline is October 15. Apply to:

The Establishment office
Kingstown, St. Vincent

WOODROW WILSON DISSERTATION FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM

\$200 per month living stipend, plus research allowance of up to \$1000. Tuition and fees will be waived at participating universities. For Ph.D. candidates in the humanities and social sciences. Nominations deadlines are

October 15 and January 10. Final deadlines are December 1 and February 15. Apply to:

Mrs. Janet A. Mitchell
Director, Woodrow Wilson Dissertation Fellowship Program
Box 642
Princeton, New Jersey, 08540
U.S.A.

CANADIAN CONSUMER LOAN ASSOCIATION & FEDERATED COUNCIL OF SALES FINANCE COMPANY—GRANTS IN AID OF RESEARCH

Maximum grants of \$1,000 to faculty members, \$750 to doctoral students, and \$500 to Master's students will be awarded for research in fields affecting consumer credit in Canada. Deadlines are October 28, January 1, and April 1. Send project outlines and supporting letters from department to:

Professor W. R. Waters
School of Business
University of Toronto
Toronto 5, Ontario

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

University fees plus an allowance of £720 per year, not including travel, to an unmarried undergraduate to read for first university degree at Oxford. Deadline is October 25, 1968. Apply to:

L. Yves Fortier
1 Place Ville Marie
Suite 700
Montreal 2, Quebec

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS TO THE UNITED KINGDOM

Travel, living, and study costs to graduate students for 2-3 years study in the United Kingdom in any field, including medicine. Deadline is October 31, 1968. Apply to:

The Canadian Commonwealth Scholarship & Fellowship Committee c/o AUCC.
151 Slater Street
Ottawa 4, Ontario

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS TO NIGERIA

Travel, living, and study costs for post-graduate students to study in Nigeria. Field of study is unrestricted. Deadline is October 31, 1968. Apply to:

The Canadian Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Committee c/o AUCC.
151 Slater Street
Ottawa 4, Ontario

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS & FELLOWSHIPS TO HONG KONG

Travel, living, and study costs of post-graduate study in Hong Kong. Field limited to facilities available. Deadline is October 31. Apply to:

151 Slater Street,
Ottawa 4, Ontario

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS FOR STUDENTS FROM ST. KITTS — NEVIS — ANGUILLA.

Living expenses for student and family. For research or advanced courses in the fields of adult, social or rural education, fine arts or architecture, or industrial design. Deadline is October 31. Apply to:

Chief Establishment Officer
Government Headquarters
Basseterre

BIRBAL SAHNI INSTITUTE OF PALAEOBOTANY SENIOR FELLOWSHIPS

\$550 per month plus travel and living allowances for doctoral student to study Palaeobotany in Lucknow, India. Deadline is October 31, 1968. Apply to:

Director of Awards AUCC,
151 Slater Street
Ottawa 4, Ontario

JAPANESE GOVERNMENT MOMBUSHO SCHOLARSHIP

33,000 yen per month plus travel and living expenses, as well as tuition, fees, and field study allowance. For graduate students in humanities, social sciences, and natural sciences. Deadline is October 31. Apply to:

Scholarship Programme
Embassy of Japan
75 Albert Street
Ottawa 4, Ontario.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIPS IN LAW

Fellowships of \$A6,400-\$A8,740; Senior Fellowships of \$A8,750 to 10,274; and Research Fellowships of \$A5,400 to \$A7,250 are offered to post-doctoral scholars in the fields of International, Constitutional, Administrative, and Common Law. Deadline is October 31. Apply to:

C. G. Plowman
Academic Registrar
P. O. Box 4
Canberra, A.C.T. 2600
Australia

FORUM

An essential purpose of the McGill Reporter is to provide a vehicle of campus opinion. FORUM will be available each week to publish commentaries on articles which appear in the Reporter, as well as points of view on any subject related to the general nature of the university.

Please send all contributions to:
FORUM
McGill Reporter
Rm. 630, Administration Building

A.S.U.S.: WHAT NEXT?

Sir:
On Friday, September 27th the McGill Daily published on its front page a report describing the reasons why the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society had withdrawn its delegation to the Faculty Committee on Student Participation in Faculty Government. On Monday, September 30th, I sent the following statement to the Editor of the Daily requesting its publication. As this request has not been responded to so far, and as the issues are currently of some interest on the campus, I shall appreciate it if you would consider its publication in the McGill Reporter.

Yours sincerely,
Dalbir Bindra
Chairman
Committee on Student Participation in Faculty Government

I was puzzled and dismayed to learn from the September 27 issue of the Daily that A.S.U.S. Executive has decided to withdraw the delegation it had appointed to meet with the Arts & Science Faculty's Committee on Student Participation in Faculty Government. I have no right or inclination to question the reasons for the Executive's decision. I have also decided to ignore the several misleading statements in the Daily account; it would serve no useful purpose to engage in hair-splitting rebuttals and recriminations. I want to be constructive, and, therefore would limit my remarks to the question: what next?

The Committee on Student Participation

by the Faculty, its parent body, to make recommendations regarding the most suitable mechanisms of student participation in Faculty's government. The Committee hoped to learn about the students' views in this matter from the A.S.U.S. delegation, and to incorporate them, as far as possible, in its own recommendations. This would have made the way smoother for the final negotiations between the Faculty and A.S.U.S. Now that A.S.U.S. has withdrawn its delegation, the Committee must continue its work and prepare a report for the Faculty without the benefit of a full knowledge of the views of A.S.U.S. The Committee is eager to complete its job quickly, for a report from this Committee, and its acceptance by the Faculty, is an essential step in the setting up of a joint Faculty-A.S.U.S. committee of the type that A.S.U.S. Executive resolution asks for. (I myself suggested such a joint committee to some members of the A.S.U.S. Executive. In view of the fact that the Executive has accepted this general idea, its present decision to withdraw is all the more puzzling.)

Finally, I should like to say this. The Committee is eager to see that the academic interests, aspirations, and ideals of students are well represented on the governing bodies of the Faculty; it would like to see this happen quickly. I realize that, since the Faculty and A.S.U.S. are independent bodies, the Faculty Committee and the A.S.U.S. Committee on Student-Faculty relations must initially do their "home work" separately, and produce independent reports, each for its own parent body. But the separation does not have to be complete, and consultation with each other at this stage may make the task of an eventual Faculty-A.S.U.S. joint committee easier. It is for this reason that I would welcome any ideas the A.S.U.S. Executive has that would enable the A.S.U.S. Committee and the Faculty Committee to exchange ideas and thus to prepare the groundwork for a subsequent joint Committee of the two bodies.

Dalbir Bindra
Chairman
Committee on Student Participation in Faculty Government

OBLIQUE SECTION?

Sir,
I recently read an issue of the McGill Reporter. It's a pleasure to have a newspaper back on the campus. Your request for a new name caused me to think of a few: "Oblique Section", "McGill Media".

Good luck with your future issues.
Yours truly,
Alex Lieblich, Dentistry II

CONDOLENCES FOR SEAN KELLY

Sir,
I have so far read the two film reviews by Sean Kelly dealing with Film Society programs. I must confess I enjoy his snappy style and dry wit very much, but it seems a pity that The Reporter did not select, as its film reviewer, someone who actually enjoys movies. Mr. Kelly seems to regard it as an onerous chore to have to "sit through" Kwaïdan. He gets no pleasure from watching a Chaplin film and regards it as a tedious sociological exercise. I feel badly that he is forced to suffer so. Perhaps he may have noticed that there were people in the audience actually laughing at Chaplin; and people leaving Kwaïdan shaken and moved. It is difficult to guess what Mr. Kelly would actually find exciting but somehow I don't find myself very interested in how bored he is with everything — no matter how well he writes.

Ronald Blumer.

WANTED — A LITERARY MAG

Sir,
I have noticed that McGill has no publication devoted to the creative efforts of students; specifically, poems, short stories and plays, photographs, sketches, etc. If experience in the recent past has demonstrated that there is not sufficient interest in these areas to warrant such a publication, I would appreciate it if you would either print a brief notice to that effect, or merely send me a note. If however this is not the case I would ask that this letter might serve as a poll and that anyone interested in reading, donating to, or organizing a publication dedicated to the creativity of the McGill student make his interest known to me care of The Reporter.

Sincerely,
Nathanael Krishna

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL FOREIGN STUDENTS

Visit of Canadian Immigration Officers to Interview Foreign Students — October 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1968.

- Officers of the Department of Manpower and Immigration will be present at the University on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th, 1968 to interview all foreign students registered in the University in order to revalidate their student visas.
- Interviews will take place in the Placement Service, 3574 University Street each morning from 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon, and each afternoon from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.
- Students are particularly asked to take the following three items with them to the interview:
 - Student Identity Card
 - Passport
 - Temporary entry permit
 Those whose temporary permits are due to expire are assured that they need not get in touch with the Department until their interview at the University takes place.

C. M. McDougall
Registrar.

September 26th, 1968.

MAUT NEWS

Ballots are now being sent out to all Members for election of new Council Members and Officers. These must be received by the MAUT Office, Room 510, McIntyre Building, no later than October 25, 1968.

The MAUT Annual Meeting will be held on Tuesday, October 29, 1968 at 4 p.m. in the Leacock Council Room. Among items on the agenda will be:

- Procedures for salary negotiations between MAUT and the administration.
- Desirability of joint F.A.P.U.Q. — Committee of Rectors proposal on salaries to the Provincial Government.
- Group pension plan.
- Announcement of results of election.

All members are encouraged to attend and present their views. J. M. Dealy, President.

THE CONSPIRACY TO MAKE MCGILL AWARE

The contemporary British drama is the source of three of the major dramatic presentations at McGill before Christmas. Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow*, a tragi-comic exploration of a prison community, is the first of these. It will be presented late in October in Douglas Hall, under the direction of Frank Faragoh, as the first production of the English Department for 1968-69. On its heels, in early November, comes the Players' Club production of John Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*, as directed by Peter Moss in the Student Union Theatre. The play, described as "an unhistorical parable," is set in the North of England and deals with the conflict between a group of army deserters intent upon rubbing the townspeople's faces in the grim realities of colonial war and a group of colliers striking for better wages. Mr. Moss, a student at the National Theatre School, sees the play in terms of bold splashes of primary color against white snow and black coal-fields. The third British play, on which the English Department and Players' Club plan to collaborate, is Edward Bond's *Saved*, subject still to final confirmation of rights. The most recent of the three plays, *Saved* presents a vivid picture of the lower class subculture in London in a super-naturalistic style marked by monosyllabic utterance and physical violence. This play will be presented in Moyse Hall in early December under the direction of Hugh Nelson. Taken together, the three plays provide a good sense of the range of style and diversity of concern of the British drama over the past ten years.

This by no means exhausts the range of dramatic activity at McGill this year. In late November, Players' Club will make its first venture into the musical form with a production of *Little Mary Sunshine* directed by Peter Subers. This production marks an extension of the activities of last year's Dolce Vita Opera Company. Sandwich Theatre, under the general directorship of Ray Lukens, is providing an unusual variety of sandwiches this Fall in the Union Theatre at the usual 1 P.M. time. *The Emperor Jones* was Sandwich's first production and a highly successful one. Contemplated in the near future are selections from *Spoon River Anthology* and *Inherit the Wind*, Murray Schisgal's *The Typists*, and a previously untranslated German play, *Reprimand*, by Peter Handke.

Out of a general concern for insuring the continued development of drama at McGill, a series of practical workshops have been instituted this year. Those involved in the production of the Arden play are involved in Michel Poletti's workshop in movement and mime thus assuring that the production will have a kind of "carry-over" value for those involved in it. The mime section of the workshop is also open to those not involved in the production. Mr. Poletti who has taught at the National Theatre School and has his own mime troupe which has performed extensively in Montreal and elsewhere, will provide a mime production for Sandwich Theatre sometime in November. In addition, there are workshops in stagecraft (Richard Bylin), improvisation (Erol Sitahal), and directing (Hugh Nelson). Mr. Bylin is in charge of all design and production aspects for the English Department program and hopes to provide those in the workshop with a basic knowledge of production skills. Mr. Sitahal is well-known to Sandwich theatre-goers and brings a wealth of experience to his approach to acting through improvisation.

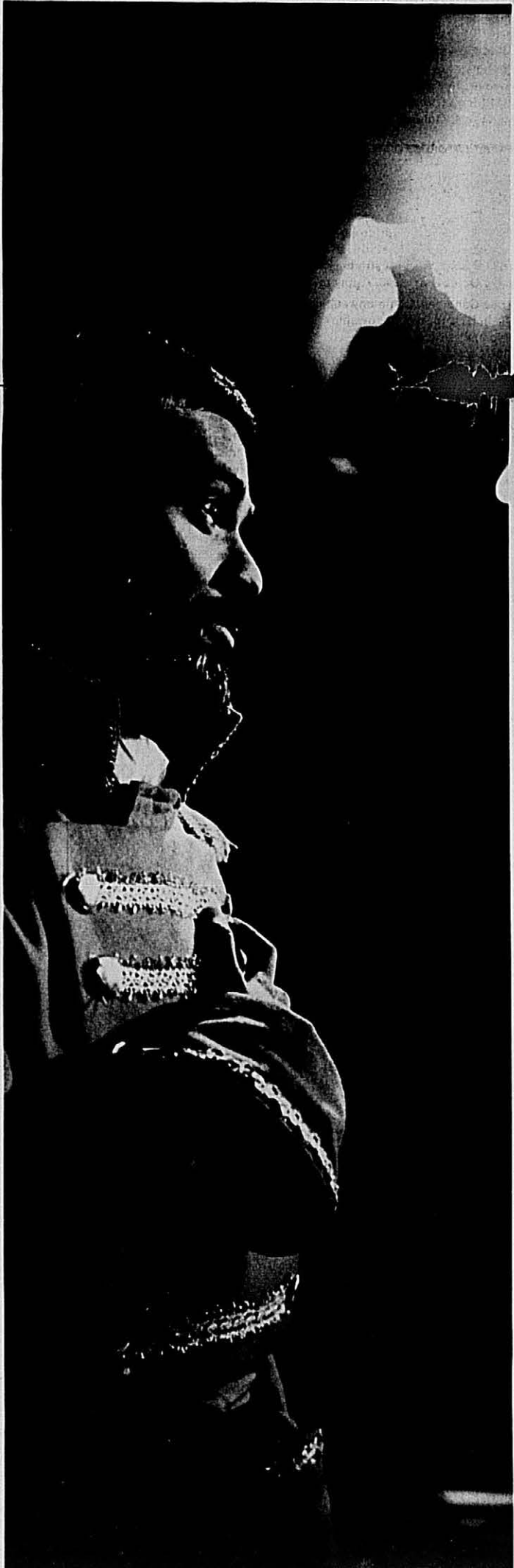
Production plans for the second term are not as yet set but it would be worth keeping an eye open during the year for various experimental theatrical projects which are brewing among various groups. There is considerable evidence that the present burst of theatrical activity is part of a conspiracy whose diabolical formula is to make McGill aware that the theatre, far from being dead, is a vital and essentially unplumbed resource for making a community aware that it exists and confronts common problems. For anyone with no tolerance for chaos, the diversity of theatrical activity at McGill must seem confusing, if not maddening. The virtue is that the doors remain open to those who feel that they have something interesting to say through the medium whether through traditional productions or mad experiment. Those involved in this chaos, teetering as they are on the brink of madness, can quaintly call this health.

Mr. Nelson is an assistant professor in the Department of English.

HUGH NELSON



in Michel Poletti's Mime Workshop in the Union Theatre.



Erol Sitahal as Emperor Jones in Sandwich Theatre's strobe jungle.

20th CENTURY MUSIC SERIES

At the Théâtre Maisonneuve on October 3 the Société de Musique Contemporaine du Québec opened its third season. To me this is by far the most exciting series of concerts offered in Montreal. The programs contain all 20th century music and in particular give a place to present day composers.

The first section of the concert featured John Hawkins, the Montreal pianist, performing works by Hartwell and Webern, as well as by himself. "The Five Pieces for Piano" (1967) by Mr. Hawkins are, as he explains, "an attempt to exploit different facets or characteristics of the piano." The overall effect of these pieces is interesting, because one becomes aware that the piano has more potential sounds than those created by merely striking the keys. But this was the only product of this work — a series of effects.

The Webern "Klavierstück" is an extremely short work that was not published until 1966. It is an interesting piece because one can see how Webern uses the twelve tone system in its rudimentary form. The "Variations," also by the same composer, was the most significant work presented by Mr. Hawkins. Again this music is not very passionate, but demonstrates a detached compositional procedure of varying an initial theme. Whereas in many cases a set of variations will become more elaborate as they progress, Webern's instead have a thin texture that is reduced to a single melody line at times.

The last work in the opening half of the concert was a "Piano Piece" by Hugh Hartwell, a McGill graduate. For the first time in the concert I suddenly felt some music that was "alive." Too often a composer can get lost in compositional technicalities and not create a work that can stand on its own musical merits. The program notes stated that Mr. Hartwell's "primary motivation was an urge to exploit the lyrical possibilities of the piano." And that is precisely the effect that is created. Finally the piano could express itself in a more comfortable medium free of restrictive forms, and the result was an exciting piece of music.

I have purposely avoided discussing Mr. Hawkins' interpretations of these pieces until now. His performance of all these works was flawless, and one could easily forget the technical problems involved when watching him perform with such ease. In the Webern "Variations" he constantly kept us aware of the initial theme no matter how complicated the writing became. The Hartwell "Piano Piece" was probably the most effective work, perhaps because it had been preceded by two "technical" exercises. If any of these compositions suffered musically, it was certainly not because of Mr. Hawkins' performance. I feel that Montreal and McGill have sadly neglected this musician and I hope they will soon recognize that they possess a superb pianist in John Hawkins.

The second half of the concert was a performance of Arnold Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." Although the work was composed in 1912, this performance with Patricia Rideout as soloist was its Montreal premiere.

The character Pierrot is the old puppet who has suffered from early Italian pantomime through his 19th century Romantic guise to the present. Giraud's poetry shows that Pierrot's comic exterior hides the sufferings of a sensitive lover, always frustrated, and mocked even by the moon. Schoenberg's settings of these poems is more anti-naturalistic and gives the moon much more importance. The problem for the soloist is to evoke all of Pierrot's feelings and this surrealism through the music and "speech-song."

Patricia Rideout on the whole succeeded in conveying these various elements. The weakest section was the beginning of Part One, when Pierrot is in love. I felt Miss Rideout was holding back, and the poetry suffered as a result. But in the last two poems of this section, as the poet offers his verses to the altar of the Madonna, Miss Rideout suddenly became involved in the text. In Part Two the feelings of crime and guilt were well portrayed. The soloist was magnificent in "The Red Mass," "Beheading," and "The Crosses." She had built up such intensity that the poet's crucifixion by the rabble was an anti-climax to her performance. In the last section Miss Rideout completely changed moods again as Pierrot yearned for the past.

The most successful poem in this section was "Serenade" where Pierrot scrapes his viola back and forth on Cassander's bald head. The excellent instrumental ensemble under Serge Garant was in complete rapport with the soloist at all times.

The next concert in this series is on November 21 and features works by by Luciano Berio. I strongly recommend these concerts to anyone interested in contemporary music. You may either love or detest this music, but I guarantee you will not be indifferent.

Mr. Hall is a student in the Faculty of Music

FRED HALL



anxious concern continued from page 1

speaking of runs strong and has powerful momentum, but it runs counter to another trend, I would say a marked trend, in the interest of students away from the particular and microscopic, away from the materialist and scientific towards the general and the philosophical. Whether this trend of student interest will persist and strengthen cannot be predicted with certainty. I take it seriously because I believe it will.

At present, at any rate, growing numbers of students are looking critically at the world we have created with the aid of science and technology, through microscopic intensity in depth. It is a complex interdependent world whose massive apparatus sometimes seems to be getting beyond human control, and they don't like it. They overlook, of course, one of its important by-products, the high standard of living and relative affluence which they take for granted. Leave that aside; they dismiss it as irrelevant. They find the incessant social change associated with our world dehumanizing. It tears people from their roots, breaks down the sense of community, leads to loneliness and anonymity. They despair of a humane way of life in the mass society. They believe rightly that ceaseless preoccupation with science and technology will aggravate the malaise.

The mounting distress of the great cities everywhere shows that this anxiety is not fanciful. It is shared by more than students; indeed by all those who know what is going on and have any imagination. There is a large pessimism in the air about the future, a sense that something has gone wrong with our values, our notion of the meaning or purpose of life, that our mechanisms for social adjustment do not enable us to control our destiny anymore. We have begun to ask why.

The group of students referred to a few minutes ago are asking why very insistently. That is to say, the interest moves from the scientific to the human, from the infinitely small to the large, to the philosophical, from depth to breadth. It is surely ominous that, on the outer fringes, there is much talk about a new religion, or giving a new face to old religions, because that is what happens in societies that despair of a good life in the here and now. It seems preposterous that, given all our

large pessimism in the air

command over the means of life, we should get ourselves into this fix. But there it is. We do not know how widespread the anxious concern, the vague unease, really is. There is little evidence that it has cut deeply with students in the sciences, natural or applied. The professional schools seem relatively unaffected. The stir is mostly in the humanities and social sciences, which no doubt are now recruiting the students most vulnerable to this kind of concern. My intimate knowledge is confined to the humanities and social sciences, so perhaps my comments are drawn from an unrepresentative sample. However, this group of disciplines is the one where the authority of the teacher in the classroom is likely to get the most serious challenge, and what I say now is restricted to them and to undergraduate instruction.

Student revolt, student unease — and the unease is much more widespread than the open revolt — the concern with curriculum and course content in the humanities and social

sciences, have come mainly because the dominating interest of staff and university has been going one way while the most vocal and much of the most lively student concern is going another way. To the extent that this is so, the authority of the teacher in the classroom will remain under question. For his only authority is a moral authority, valid because it is generally accepted.

Here again I must particularize. Presumably, there is no problem of acceptance in the highly specialized courses and seminars open only to students who have made their commitment to the specialty, made their choice for probing in depth. Nor is it proper or necessary that all courses open to the generality of students should be turned into bull-sessions that confront the universe head-on. Bull-sessions are wonderful, but they are, by nature, informal and cannot be systematic. There will still be many students who want educated skills, covet precise mastery in particulars. What is needed, I believe, in most of our universities is a fuller response to the rapidly growing student interest in studies in breadth. In the face of the proliferation of specialties, there should be stronger affirming and delivering on the obligation to offer a general liberal education, taking very special care to bring knowledge, insight, and analysis to bear systematically on the nature and destiny of man and his perplexities in the second half of the twentieth century.

Admittedly, a university cannot claim to be honouring another of its obligations, to offer a comprehensive view of knowledge, unless many of its teachers are charged with elucidating specialties in depth. But we need desperately that more teachers of specialties should take greater pains to

exposing a delusion

show the relation and the significance of their specialty to the anxieties that affect contemporary life. If teachers cannot reach down to where the student now is and make contact with what he knows and what he imagines and fears, his respect cannot be gained by talking over his head about complex detail. Conversely, there will be respect for mastery in a specialty that turns revealing beams of light on the general human situation. There is no better way, perhaps no other way, of exposing the delusion that those who don't know what there is to be learned should be determining what shall be taught.

Restoring general liberal education to primacy, or let us say parity, will not be easy because it means considerable reshuffling of priorities in the use of resources and in the pre-occupations of many members of staff, more premiums for inspired teaching of undergraduates, and perhaps fewer for research, publication, and guidance of graduate students. There is also an issue of good faith for universities, they having encouraged members of staff to prepare for one kind of duty then ask them to take up a substantially different kind of duty. More than that, it is likely that many persons who have had the Ph.D. drill are temperamentally unsuited for teaching with the kind of emphasis I have been talking about. I took careful note of this difficulty earlier. One will not get skill and enthusiasm in teaching that has to cut across the grain of bent and temperament. So, it will not be easy.

Indeed, if I am anywhere near right in diagnosis, it will be necessary to reconsider with great care the kind of post-graduate education offered to persons wanting to prepare themselves for teaching posts in the humanities and social sciences. In their preparation, shouldn't there be still more firming up and enlarging of their grasp of existing knowledge, more pondering of the dilemmas of the human situation, and less emphasis on original research that too often has no relevance to anything likely to happen to us "on this bank and shoal of time"? If, as I suspect, this is what is needed, it will take time. But universities dare not shrink from what is necessary to meet their obligation to general liberal education on the grounds that it is painful and takes too much time. For no one else will give that education, so badly needed in our day.

Dr. Corry, who recently retired as principal of Queen's University, is visiting professor in the Faculty of Law.

JAMES A. CORRY



Réal Arseneault and Kéro — see Tuesday Coming Events.

McGILL UNIVERSITY

ASSISTANT TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SENATE

DUTIES Under the direction of the University Registrar and Secretary of Senate to assist. In the preparation and distribution of reports, notices, agenda and minutes of the University Senate.

In dealing with arrangements for open meetings of the Senate.

In secretarial duties in connection with Committees and sub-committees.

In other duties in the Registrar's Office as may be specified.

QUALIFICATIONS University graduation. Writing ability, especially with regard to Minutes, précis writing, etc. Preferably some experience in University Administration.

Definitely a keen interest in University Government and in making a career in those areas.

Apply in writing, enclosing curriculum vitae, to Mr. J. B. Archer, Personnel Department, McGill University, Montreal 2.

A RARE THING IS NEVSKY

This month, in a daring break with tradition, the Film Society will be screening not Eisenstein's *Potemkin*, but Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*. This decision probably shook up the old guard, who longed to see the Odessa steps sequence one more time (the Odessa steps sequence holding the honored place in the minds of film-buffs usually reserved for Van Gogh's Sunflowers in suburban entrance halls): or perhaps even they could not work up another fit of mutinous sympathy about the borscht.

However the miracle came to pass, we must give thanks. For *Alexander Nevsky* is a rare thing — a thoroughly enjoyable great movie, most of which has remained gripping and exciting in spite of changing conventions, ideologies and techniques. Not that it fails to elicit its share of embarrassed giggles. The scene in which we first meet our folk-hero, who strides manfully through the *composition* up to the concealed but stationary microphone and intones "My people have a saying..." is a sure-fire snigger inspirer, for example. But taken all in all, *Nevsky* is as sweeping and exciting a piece of propaganda as *Henry V*.

If Eisenstein is the cinema's Shakespeare (leaving it to the Rosicrucians to figure out the mathematics of any real re-incarnation), then *Nevsky* is *Henry V*. (For "confident and over-lustful French" read "baby-murdering hunts"). Both

works derive much of their power from primitive, almost mythical content expressed in deliberate, sophisticated form. Eisenstein, it is true, could break out of the poor wooden O and show the epic confrontation of the armies, but the cutting from side to side as the battle looms, the mustering of the good guys against the corrupt but apparently invincible forces of evil, and the final vengeful triumph of the Russian (English) nation personified by its hero-general Nevsky (Henry) are some of the qualities the works have in common.

The film *Alexander Nevsky* was suppressed following the Hitler-Stalin pact. One can only speculate as to how *Henry V* would fare, should England be admitted to the Common Market.

As the program notes will doubtless remind us, the music for *Nevsky* was composed by Prokofiev, and has remained the standard for movie music over the years. The two Sergeis did only this one Gilbert and Sullivan act, and were remarkably successful. Because, we must suppose, whatever artistic differences they may have had, they were agreed on the ultimate meaning and importance of their work. It is unusual for living, believing geniuses to get together. And perhaps just as well. Imagine the effect of a Leni Riefenstahl film, had the lady had Wagner on staff.

Alexander Nevsky will be shown as part of the International 16 Series, in the Leacock Auditorium, Oct. 25 and 26.

F I L M

SEAN KELLY

CAMPUS

HERE AND THERE: The Faculty of Music plans to host the Fifth Annual Symposium for Student Composers March 14-17, 1969. It will consist of three days of rehearsals, performances, and discussions. Ten well-known U.S. music schools, including the Juilliard School and the Eastman School (U. of Rochester) are members of the Symposium. The Canadian members are McGill and the U. of T. ■ The Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada holds its annual meeting in Ottawa November 6 and 7. McGill will have 10 delegates and eight observers at the meeting. Among the topics to be discussed: educational recommendations of the B. and B. Report; use of new media as learning aids; the university and public information; accessibility of higher education. ■ "McGill Orchestra Gives Evening of Rare Beauty" is the headline of a review in the Knickerbocker News (August 27). The article deals with a concert at Saratoga Springs by the McGill Chamber Orchestra, under the "inspired conducting" of Prof. Alexander Brott with music by Corelli, Mozart, Pierre Mercure, and Bartok. ■ In September, the U. of Saskatchewan (Regina campus) began a bilingual programme leading to an arts and science degree, thus becoming "the first in western Canada to offer a truly bilingual degree." To qualify, the student will have to complete at least 30 percent of his course work in the alternate language to his customary one (French or English). The curriculum is based on the regular degree programme of the University. ■ Plans are now under way for an official opening of the extension to the McConnell Engineering Building and the new computer facilities on Wednesday, October 23. More details to follow.

MAINLY PERSONAL: Prof. Raymond Klibansky (Philosophy) has returned from Vienna where, as president of the International Institute of Philosophy, he was one of the main participants in the International Congress of Philosophy September 2-9. While overseas, he launched the second volume of "Contemporary Philosophy," a four-volume series which he has edited. The third volume will appear just before Christmas and the final volume is due in February, 1969. ■ Prof. Kenneth Byrd (Accountancy) is to receive the degree Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, at Mount Allison's Fall Convocation, October 17, as a mark of his "valuable contribution to the teaching profession and research at home and abroad." ■ Prof. G. Melvill Jones (Aviation Medicine) was recognized for "outstanding initiative and research in aerospace medicine" when he was invited to give the third annual Harry G. Armstrong Lecture to the Aerospace Medical Association this past summer at Miami Beach. His lecture is to be published in the October issue of the Journal of Aerospace Medicine. ■ Miss Rosalind E. Boyd has been named editor of the publications programme of the Centre for Developing Area Studies. The Centre has an enlarged programme which includes publication of lectures, books and monographs, occasional papers, and reprints of journal articles. ■ Dean Eric G. Jay (Divinity) has been appointed co-chairman (with Rev. Prof. Donald Mathers, Queen's Theological College, Kingston) of the special Commission on Doctrine, of the General Commission on Church Union (Anglican and United Churches of Canada).

RESEARCH IN THE SCHOOLS:

A letter from Robert Jepp, director of education and secretary-treasurer of the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, draws our attention to the fact that the schools in Montreal are receiving a "staggering" number of requests "from university students for assistance with term papers and similar assignments that involve a type of research in the school community." Mr. Jepp points out that "if the schools are to be successful in their main objective of developing a good instructional programme, staff and students have to be protected from unreasonable inroads on their time." Accordingly, Mr. Jepp is seeking the assistance of the University to alleviate the situation and he has requested that we make the following facts known to staff and students: "The only research projects that can be given any serious consideration at all are those involving graduate students, and in such cases the request must come over the signature of the staff member to whom the student is immediately responsible for the research. The request, accompanied by copies of all relevant printed material such as questionnaires, instruction sheets, etc., should be directed as follows: Mr. George Brown, Superintendent / Special Duties, Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal, 6000 Fielding Avenue, Montreal 29, Quebec. If permission to involve a school and/or its staff in research is granted, it must be on the understanding that one copy of the findings will be made available to this Board on completion of the study."

coming events

15 OCTOBER TO 21 OCTOBER

Send notices of Coming Events to: N.J. Macurdy, Local 5306, Information Office, McGill. By: Wednesday, 12 noon, before the Monday issue in which the notice is to appear.

TUESDAY

FINE ARTS SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION: Kéro and Arseneault. 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Union 123-124. Meet the artists at 8 p.m., Union 307 (South Lounge). Coffee, short talks by Kéro and Arseneault, informal discussion. Exhibition ends October 19.

FRESHMAN LIBRARY ORIENTATION: "Who's Afraid of Redpath Library?" — slide show. 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m. L-132. Upperclassmen welcome.

SANDWICH THEATRE: "Reprimand" — by Peter Handke. Original translation from the German. 1 p.m. every day, University Centre. Free.

CINEMATHEQUE CANADIENNE: Animation Cinema — 7 p.m. PSCAud 55f. "Gli Arcangeli" — Enzo Battaglia, Fr. titles, 9:30 p.m., PSCAud.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Henry Moore Exhibit — through November 10. Art and Humanity Exhibit — through October 27. Lecture: "Les Trésors du Louvre" — Germain Bazin, Musée du Louvre, 8 p.m. Free.

FILM DIALOGUE: "Smiles of a Summer Night," — Ingmar Bergman, 8 p.m., L-132. 75¢.

"LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" AUDITIONS: Musical to be presented in November by La Dolce Vita Opera Co. in the Sandwich Theatre. 8 p.m., Union 457. For more information call 875-5510, local 55.

WEDNESDAY

FRESHMAN LIBRARY ORIENTATION: "Who's Afraid of Redpath Library?" — slide show. 12 a.m., 1 p.m., Moyse Hall. 3 p.m. L-219. Upperclassmen welcome.

BIOCHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT SEMINAR: "Two Kinds of Inhibitors of the II-Hydroxylating System of the Adrenal Cortex," — Dr. Murray Saffron. 4:30 p.m. Palmer Howard Theatre, McIntyre Bldg.

CINEMATHEQUE: "Die Buchse des Pandora" — with Louise Brooks, Fr. titles, 7 p.m. PSCAud. "Le Cuirasse Potemkine" — U.S.S.R., Eng. titles, 9:30 p.m. PSCAud.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Guided tour of Henry Moore Exhibit. 7:30 p.m., English. 8:30 p.m., French.

FILM SOCIETY: Classics — "Ballet Mechanique," "Entr'acte," "Un Chien Andalou," "Le Coquille et le Clergyman." 8 p.m. Engineering Bldg 204.

"LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" AUDITIONS: 8 p.m. Union 457. (See "Tuesday")

MONTREAL FOLK WORKSHOP: Amateur folk performers. Every Wednesday 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. 3485a Park Avenue. Admission 75¢.

MCGILL DAMES RECEPTION: All wives of graduate students. 8 p.m. R.V.C.

SEMINAR IN MECHANICS: "Research on Traffic Accidents" — Dr. G. Murray Mackay, University of Birmingham, England. 4 p.m., Rm 304, McConnell Engineering

THURSDAY

CINEMATHEQUE: "Smog" — Franco Rossi, dir. French titles, 7 p.m. PSCAud. 55f. "Abwege" — G. W. Pabst, French titles, 9:30 p.m., PSCAud.

"LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" AUDITIONS: 8 p.m., Union 457. (See "Tuesday")

FRENCH PLAY READING GROUP: McGill Women Associates. "Billan" — by Marcel Dubé. 8:15 p.m. 68 Chesterfield, Montreal 6. Telephone: 486-4837.

FRIDAY

CINEMATHEQUE: "La Semaine Syndicale de l'U.G.E.Q." — Pierre Arel. 7 p.m., PSCAud. 55f. "Nominique Depuis Qu'il Existe" — Jacques Leduc. "Time Stood Still" — Ermanno Olmi, 9:30 p.m. English titles.

FILM SOCIETY: Serie d'Essai — "The Little Match Girl" — Renoir. "Sins of the Fleshpoids" — the Kuchar Brothers. 8 p.m. L-132.

DEPARTMENT OF GERMAN READINGS: Goethe selections read by Marianne Hoppe. 8:30 p.m. Moyse Hall, Free.

SATURDAY

FILM SOCIETY: International 35 — "Ulysses" — James Joyce. 6:30 and 9 p.m., PSCAud.

SUNDAY

J. S. BACH: MASS IN G MINOR — Erskine & American United Church Choir, under the direction of Wayne K. Riddell. Soloists: Christina Jones — contralto; Donald Forsyth — tenor; Leslie Hughes — baritone; Peter Hawkins — organ. 7:30 p.m., Erskine & American Church, corner of Ontario and Sherbrooke.

AUGUSTANA HOUSE FILM: "Summerhill" — documentary. 8 p.m. 3483 Peel Street. Discussion following.

MCGILL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA CONCERT: "Divertimento" — Mozart, K. 138. "Piano Concerto in G Major" — Haydn. Soloist — Jack Winsor Hanson, piano. "Monades" — Pépin. 8:30 p.m. Museum of Fine Arts. Free.

UNITED CHURCH STUDENTS DISCUSSION GROUP: Discussion on "The Graduate". 7:30 p.m. Student Common Room, Divinity Hall, University Street.

MONDAY

SIGMA XI LECTURE: "Chemistry Versus Malthus" — Dr. Henry B. Hass, National Lecturer for Sigma Xi Society. 8 p.m., Rm. 102, Physics Bldg.

Coming coming events

JACKSON POLLOCK EXHIBIT: Museum of Fine Arts. October 22

MSO CONCERT UNIVERSITAIRE: October 22

BEATTY LECTURES: October 22, 24, 29.

LECTURE: "Technical Aids to Creative Thought" — October 28

"THE QUARE FELLOW": October 31.

8

RADIO MCGILL

Programming for Week of October 14 — October 20 1968. Radio McGill Insound 12 to 2 P.M. 4 to 6 P.M.

News is presented 20 minutes after every hour.

INSOUND HIGHLIGHTS

Monday October 14: — 4:20 P.M.

AN INSOUND SPANISH FESTIVAL
Miles Davis 'Sketches of Spain'
De Falla 'El Amor Brujo'
Spanish folk songs by Victoria de Los Angeles.

Wednesday October 16 1968: — 4:20 P.M.

HEAVYWEIGHT SOUND
Beethoven — Grosse Fuge
Steppenwolf
(lightened with a pinch of Quantz and Mozart)

Friday October 18 1968: — 4:20 P.M.
MUSIC FROM THE BIG PINK AND POULENC — Piano Concerto.

Radio McGill on CFQR (F.M.) 92.5 megacycles Sundays 10 P.M. to 12 P.M.

October 20th
RADIO McGill pre-empts its regular broadcast for a feature presentation of The Black Writers Congress at McGill. The 4 day congress will be reviewed in detail, with discussions of the events and prevailing atmosphere, as well as the speeches by such notables as Leroi Jones, Stokely Carmichael, James Forman, C. L. R. James and others. THE CONGRESS OF BLACK WRITERS.

CLASSIFIEDS

BULLETIN BOARD

Advertisements should be submitted before Wednesday at 10 a.m. and should be brief. In case of limited space they will be printed on a first come, first served basis, though in extraordinary cases, literary merit will be considered.

THE CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY will hold its Annual Picnic October 19, at Rawdon Park about 50 miles north of Montreal. Buses leave Roddick Gate at 9 a.m. Tickets at Union Bus Office or from Committee members, until October 16. Fare for members — \$2.50; for non-members — \$2.75. Barbecue lunch will be served. Come and have fun!

CBC WILL RECORD CHRISTMAS Greetings to Hong Kong and Taiwan for the Chinese Students Society on October 23 at 7:30 p.m. in the University Centre.

MANDARIN LESSONS, SPONSORED by the Chinese Students' Society, begin in mid-October. Instructor: Miss Jannie Cheng of the Language Department. Class limited to 30 students. Send name, address, telephone number to: P.O. Box 1561, Station B., Montreal.

THE MCGILL SOCIETY OF MONTREAL is sponsoring a program which welcomes foreign students to Montreal by making arrangements for visiting the homes of graduates. In order to minimize the possibility of any conflicts, the students will have been contacted in advance. You should receive their names shortly after contacting: Miss JoAnne Cohen, Graduates' Society of McGill, 3618 University, Montreal 2.

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